

The Strongest Warrior of Them All

Story: The Strongest Warrior of Them All

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Summary: Contains an OC! Isaac sat for a moment, staring after her retreating shadow. What was she holding? A Djinni?

***Chapter 1*: The Strongest Warrior of Them All**

The Strongest Warrior of them All

Isaac walked into the wooden door of his lookout cabin one evening after sending off a pigeon to Kraden, asking him for information on the Wise One, as the Wise One hadn't spoken in weeks, which was highly unusual for the godlike Cyclops hunk of floating rock. He sat at his oak desk, and let his eyes scan over the letters from his son, Matthew. He smiled tiredly. How he missed his son, who seemed to get farther and farther away with each passing moment. He gazed out the window behind him into the night sky, sighing softly. Jenna had promised to come back after her quest to what used to be Gondwan. He remembered how her hair used to blow behind her in the wind off the roof of the lookout cabin when it escaped from her ever present ponytail. He remembered the shine in her big, beautiful brown eyes, and the melodic sound of her laughter. Isaac blinked himself back to the present, and blew out the candle on his desk. Just then, he heard soft feet padding down the slightly creaky pine stairs. He squinted into the darkness, and saw a small figure disappear into the room where his Djinn resided. *What could she possibly want with the Djinn?*, Isaac thought. The figure was none other than his 4 year old daughter, Breena. His eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness, and he saw her leave the room with a bundle in her pale arms. She balanced the bundle in one arm as she shut the door to the Djinn Room. He saw her make her way back to the stairs, and climb back up.

Isaac sat for a moment, staring after her retreating shadow. *What was she holding? A Dijini?*

His curiosity piqued, he stepped quietly across the floor, his soft leather boots making no noise on the floor where he walked. He climbed the stairs, and stepped into the room above. He nearly tripped over a stuffed doll, but caught his balance just in time. He sidestepped over a few teddy bears on the floor that Breena had left out after playing with them. He scanned the rest of the room. Her building blocks were toppled over in a corner. Pictures she'd drawn were on the walls, and piles of clay were on the small table, having been molded into countless shapes and forms. He smiled. She'd shown promising signs of a growing Venus Adept already; he couldn't wait to see how she'd develop as she got older. His smile twitched as he remembered how Matthew had acted the same way as a child. Well. Minus the teddy bears and dolls. Remembering what he came up here for, he glided down the small hallway that had been built on after she was born, and peeked into her darkened room, where he heard 2 voices.

"P-Promise the d-dark won't get me..."

That was Breena's small soprano voice, soft and light.

"I promise, Breena. Nothing's going to get you as long as I'm here!"

"No monsters?"

"Nope! The Mighty Flint will protect you!"

Isaac couldn't help a grin to break onto his face. *The Mighty Flint? Ha.*

He heard Breena giggle softly, then her voice turned into a worried tone.

"Not even S-Saturos? Or Menardi?"

"Nope. Those toothpicks can't get anywhere near you as long as I'm around! And you wanna know why?"

"W-Why?"

"Because I'll go **HA-CHA!** And **KA-POW!** And **SHI-ZAM!** And **WAH-CHA-CHA!**"

Isaac had to cover his mouth with his hand to stifle his laughter as he watched his first Djinni and best friend Flint jumping around his daughters room, attempting martial arts on the giant stuffed animals she had. Breena giggled and clapped as he did this. Flint huffed and puffed after all the exertion.

"And that's...huff...how you kick...huff puff...some booty..."

Breena laughed and held out her little arms for Flint. He bounced happily up onto her bed and into her arms. She yawned so big that her dirty-blond curls bounced. "Sounds like it's time for you to get some sleep and kick some booty in your dreams, little one." Flint advised. "Who're you callin' 'little one'?" she countered. Flint blinked, and then smiled, as much as a Venus Djinni can smile. "Let's hope that fighting spirit stays with you as you get older. You'll need it. Now. Do you want to be a big, strong warrior like your daddy and Matthew someday?" She nodded slowly, the lids on her startlingly cobalt eyes drooping. "All warriors need their sleep. It's extremely important. You can't just fall asleep in the heat of battle, you know," Flint continued. She nodded, eyes closing as she laid her head on her pillow. Flint bounced around her bed, tucking her in as best he could. Satisfied with his handiwork, he curled into her small, waiting arms.

"Flint?" Breena asked sleepily.

"Yes?"

"I'm going to be the strongest warrior of them all."

"That's the spirit."

"And...Flint?"

"Yes?"

"...Don't let the monsters get me while I sleep, okay?"

"I promise."

And then there was silence, except for the sound of Breena's soft and slow breathing. Isaac smiled, stepping away from the door to his daughter's room silently, like a ghost. He quietly drifted to his own room, and changed into a cotton t-shirt and pants. He climbed into his bed, and took one last look at the pictures of Jenna and Matthew on his bedside table before he blew out the candle beside them. He couldn't help another smile from crossing his features as he remembered Breena's statement:

"I'm going to be the strongest warrior of them all."

He blew out the candle, and laid on his back, the ceiling acting as a screen for his thoughts. He recalled one of Matthew's determined statements as a young child after using his earth psynergy to move a small rock:

"I'm going to be the strongest warrior of them all! Just watch me, Daddy!"

Isaac felt a single, hot tear slide down his bearded cheek and drip off onto the pillow. "You're both the strongest warriors I've ever seen, kids. Your mom would be so proud..."

He closed his eyes, dreaming of a time when he was just a child himself, having wooden sword battles with his best friend Gareth. "I'm going to be the strongest warrior of them all; Just you watch, Gareth!" Isaac faintly felt two more wet tears slide down his cheeks as he fell into a deep, peaceful sleep.

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